

1422
A SMALL
K
MISTAKE;
OR, A
DRUBING
FOR A
DUBBING.
WITH A

Postscript Epistle Dedicatory,

In Manner of D—ct—r B—r—tt.

By the WOODEN-MAN in *Essex-Street*.

*Those Fools are wretched that are forc'd to buy,
Their Rulers Fame, with their own Infamy.*

LILLY's *Almanack for the Year 1659.*



D U B L I N :

Printed at the Sign of the OAK SAPLING correct-
ing D— L—, 1754.

A SMALL
MISTAKE
OR A
DRUBBING
FOR A
DRUBBING.



For the purpose of the
British Museum, the
Department of Antiquities
has been established, and
the following are the
names of the persons
who have been appointed
to the various offices
connected with the
Department.



DUBLIN:
Printed at the Sign of the Oak Sapling, corner
of the Strand, 1774.



A S M A L L

MISTAKE, &c.

ON rosy pinions spread, the saffron morn
 Sweeps the pearl'd lawn, and studs the
 spangled thorn
 With watry gems, to sparkle on the day
 Of D——t's glory, and his pomp display.
 The little Lark fresh rising from his nest,
 Gladness exulting in his grateful breast,
 Strains forth his throat, and as he springs on high,
 Warbles wild musick, while he wins the sky.
 All nature wakes the lusty-laughing Hind,
 Leaving for nicer folks, black spleen behind;
 Flies to the harvest home, or on the dale,
 Melts the coy milk-maid, with his love-lorn tale;
 Whilst sunk in sleep upon the cypress down,
 His brow surrounded by a poppy crown,
 Lay *Gilotin* the curtains clos'd around;
 Silence how dead, and darkness how profound!
 His soul was concord, and his breast was free,
 From pomp, from pride, from splended misery:
 Unfit to bustle through an active life,
 Fram'd for a fond indulgence to a wife. —
 Loud thunders rattle thro' the sounding hall,
 Which mortals pricestly pandæmonium call —

A 2

The

The powers disband, and all a several way
 By choice or inclination prompted stray —
 'Till their great chief return they strive to gain
 Truce from their thoughts, and respite from their
 pain —

Once with rage crested and aspiring pride,
 He strode the land, and discord by his side ;
 A mytre bound his brow-lawn sleeves he wore ;
 His hand the torch of persecution bore,
 Which all the Devils with dreadful yell
 Had kindled at the hottest flames of hell :
 The curb of power, the lawless lust for sway
 * *Dominic* pomp of tyranny display.
 His front was fraud, a stranger to all shame,
 Ruin his boast ! — *Galefius* was his name,
 Long on the land this baleful met'or blaz'd,
 Sick to the soul, with terror struck we gaiz'd ;
 Resiftless to our fate, without resource were found
 Dispair and desolation wasting round.

Thus when the Hawk above the fallow flies,
 The Sparrow sporting, if by chance he spies,
 Designs his death — when hov'ring o'er his head,
 The little wanton sees sure ruin spread :
 Close to the earth he claps his beating breast,
 Ne'er more to visit the forlorn nest —
 Oh for a fowler now, with leaden death,
 To rob this worthless ravisher of breath ! —
 Hark ! sure destruction in that thunder spoke,
 Forth flushing from the flame, and bursted smoke ;
 Down falls the bird, the sparrow springs on high,
 His pinions piercing thro' the yielding sky —
 Still o'er our heads the dread destroyer see,
 Fatal to us as *Thebes*, thy *Sphynx* to thee —

The

* Father *Dominic* founded the Inquisition.

The yellow beards just blighted by his breath
 Rise tall and empty o'er the furrow'd earth.
 The purple blossom on the verdant stem
 * Of flax, far richer than the orient gem,
 Shall now no more with golden bales be crown'd
 Fallen foul and faded on the fruitless ground.
 Labor ! the nurse of liberty is fled,
 Pale sloth and hunger starving in her stead
 Yet to thyne aid, O *Thebes* ! an hero came,
 Vanquish'd thy *Sphinx*, and won immortal fame.

Can we within our deep indented coast,
 No saviour *Ædipus*, no champion boast ?
 The danger one to them and us arise
 For *Sphinx* was then a P—te in disguise. —
 Shall we bow down beneath oppressive might ?
 Remember *Thebes* sprung glorious from the fight.

Oh sense of liberty ! celestial mind ! —
 Thou first best gift of God, to bless mankind !
 When the expanding *Patriots* breast you fire
 With vast beneficence, and fond desire
 To aid his race, — dangers are put to flight
 Like mists that vanish from the morning light ;
 'Till the firm purpose of his soul he sees
 Accomplish'd, toil is sweet, and labour ease ;
 No second thought creeps in of private gain,
 Virtue enough can recompence his pain ;
 Yet glad to hear the tributary song
 Of praise rebounding thro' the joyful throng.

Hail great *Alcides* ! let the earth proclaim.
 To late posterity, the grateful theme,
 Let nature echo 'till the lively sound,
 Through the repeating elements rebound ;

And

* See the fate of the L--nn--n B--ll in 1751.

And oh *Ierne's* sons ! thou rescu'd race,
 Be ever mindful of the heavenly grace,
 That lent *Alcides* to thy streaming tears,
 And as the sun, revolves succeeding years ;
 In glad memorial, be your off-spring taught
 How great *Alcides* for their freedom fought ;
 Corruption baffled, still *Alcides* stands
Briarius, bribing with his hundred hands ;
Alcides solv'd the riddle, sets us free
 From priestly pride, from papal tyranny.
 The riddle but a ministerial guise,
 To hide the people from their prince's eyes —
 What, tho' the *Spbynx* be to a *Hydra* grown,
 And lyes be multiplied around the throne ;
 What, tho' a while the sycophants and slaves,
 Base born caitifs, and illustrious knaves,
 That hide all excellence from public view,
 Repell *Alcides*, by their impious crew ;
 Yet shall we utter in the *regal Ear*,
 Attend ye venal crew, and trembling hear,
 Truths, that shall strike corruption with dismay,
 Shall strip *Galefius* of his guilty sway ; —
 Truth is the torch by which that *Hydra* dies,
 State falshood sprouting with ten thousand lies.

Conscious of this, *Galefius* drops his frown,
 No more a terror to the gaping town ;
 the public love dispairing to obtain,
 He strives some slight appearances to gain ;
 And ere the sun had left the silver sea,
 Pensive, to *Gilotin*, he points his way ;
 While black despair, and powerless spight in arms,
 Torture his torn breast with dread alarms ;
 Disponding hate, and malice fresh disguis'd,
 Sprung from false friendship * profer'd, and dispis'd ;

Augments

* Mr. T--f--d--l and Mr. G---r messages,

Augments his anguish, yet he strives to hide
 The terror of his soul, that damn his pride;
 Smiles on his face he wore, and tun'd his tongue
 With all the musicks of the *Siren's* song,
 So when restrain'd within their watry shroud,
 Lo ! mut'ring thunders murmurs thro' the cloud;
 Bright *Iris* mounts upon her melting bow,
 Painting the pitchy gloom with gaudy show;
 Thus smiled *Galefius*, while a gaffly grace
 Of grim dimoniack, grin'd upon his face;
 Sore stung with scorn he rolls his scowling eyes,
B—le in his fancy seen ! — he starts, and crys,
 * O thou that with surpassing strength didst stand
 The great protector to a rescu'd land;
 By whose virtue foil'd, my malice was beguil'd,
 My spight dispis'd and my rage revil'd,
 On thee I call, and add thy horred name,
 To tell thee how I loath thy fame,
 That to remembrance brings my wretched state,
 (Purchas'd by toil) both infamy and hate
 By day I am not seen, a bird of night,
 The rable hoot me from the painful light;
 My name with horror lulls the babe to rest,
 A mock for mimicks, and a theme for jest.
 O did all powerful destiny ordain
 Me in my lowly † station to remain,
 There no unbounded hope had rais'd me high,
 The worm that crawls can ne'er attempt to fly;
 Blest had I been with calm humility,
 My hands from guilt, my soul from terror free,
 But now, alas ! how wretched can I bear,
 Collected wrath, and infinite despair !

Which

* See satans soliloquy in *Paradise lost*, book IV. line 30.

† Tapster at *Norwich*.

Which way I fly is hell, myself is hell,
 And in the lowest deep, my fears foretell ;
 A lower deep, by much more dreadful still,
 As is the future, than the present ill.
 Can I relent? — of every means bereft
 No room for pardon, none for repentance left,
 But by submission, and my great disdain,
 Forbids the peace submission can obtain.
 Shame then my share, among the venal crew
 Whom I seduc'd, boasting I cou'd subdue,
 My great opponent — ah me that boast in vain !
 How dearly I abide, — under what pain !
 What torments, torture do I inward groan,
 While they adore me on the splendent throne,
 With diadem and crossier mounted high,
 (Alas ! they little know) supreme in misery
 Then farewell hope, with hope farewell remorse,
 And had I means I would not tamely curse !
 I'd rob the sun of his detested light,
 To blot this land with everlasting night ;
 The blake *North* wind should blast the barren foil,
 And want await the husband for his toil.

O that my eyes were basilicks ! my breath
 Strong with a pestilence, shot sudden death !
 Or that my vile offences did demand,
 Stern judgment on the devoted land ;
 And I the minister, the tremendous rod,
 To wreck the vengeance of an angry god ! —
 * *Enceladus* beneath some burning hill
 Transfixt, they talk with pleasure i'd fulfil ;
 I'd heave incessant burst the mountain's side,
 Turn the fus'd fossils, and the burning tide
 Of molten sulphur, lakes of liquid fire,
 Messengers of state, and ministers of ire ;
 'Till the whole isle, as *Sodom* heretofore,
 Dissolv'd in flames should sink, and be no more !

Oh

* The Giant under mount *Ætna*, vid. *VIRG.* *lucid* Book iii.

Oh it would glut my malice, could I find
An nother apple to re-damn mankind !

Thus as he spake, each passion dimn'd his face,
'Till recollection mask'd with manly grace ;
Couch'd in revenge, deep malice to conceal,
Concern he practis'd for the country's weal.

A bait, sweet to the gust of *Gilotin*,
For once he follow'd faction, and the din
Of wild enthusiasts, through their mazy round,
In quest of phantoms no where to be found
Tho' long he learn'd to prize an humble life,
Far from the paths of politicks and strife.

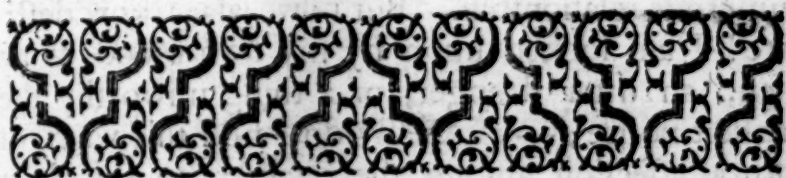
And now regardless of the rising day,
Lost in forgetfulness and sleep he lay
Sooth'd are his cares, and satiate his desires,
No past mishap, nor future ill inspires
His vacant breast, but ah ! what dangers wait
The man in indolence secure ; his fate,
Too lately seen, more terrible appears,
At pay with resolution, 'till his fears
Manicle his will, precipitate to run,
With headlong rashness where he heats to shun.

The swift drawn curtains rattle on their rings
Rise *Gilotin* — ere yet awake he springs
He gapes amazement on a godly frame,
Tall and majestic, and his post the same,
As when emerging from the blazing flood,
The fiend supreme in pride collected stood,
Rous'd the lull'd legions from the burning lake,
Hell trembled, 'till the solid entrails shake ;
O son ! he said, and as he softly smil'd,
A yet more tender epithet beguil'd,
Arouse thy generous flame, with speed arise,
Lo ! glory guides you with her glit'ring prize,
Fly swift he said, augment the purchas'd bands,
A crowd collected at the *Tbolfel* stands.
Fill the rare roll, divide your triple name,
(Thin cov'ring for iniquity and shame)

He

Be instant with your friends, make all subscribe,
 Sooth, scold and threaten, promise fair, and bribe,
 Grant titles to the mob, ennoble slaves,
 The mean make mighty, and give note to knaves ;
 Swell a long list with names, how ere unknown,
 This the nations voice, we'll plead before the throne
 The tale *Alcides* tells, shall then appear,
 All false or faulting in the *regal Ear* —
 Fly swift, he said, they recompence is told,
 An honour'd knighthood in thy grasp behold ;
 Then with his torch he gently touch'd his breast,
 And rob'd his humble soul of peace and rest ;
 Fir'd by ambition now he lowly talks.
 Swells into title, and majestic stalks ;
 Thus thro' the kennel Jack-daws strut and stride
 With scarlet stockings and a crown of pride ;
 He boasts his zeal, exceeds his leader's charge,
 Forges some names, and others feigns at large,
 Flush'd with vain hopes, his genuis next he tries
 To spread strange scandal, and unmeaning lies ;
 His frauds detected, and his falsehoods known,
 Shame and disgrace upon his patron thrown,
 Of promis'd title *Gilotin* bereave,
 Success awaits the generous and brave
 Rash bigot to defeat thy leaders aim,
 Pretended strength doth impotence proclaim !
 One refuge left *Galefus* to disown,
 With matchless front and impudence his own,
 Thy luckless labour, most illustrious tool !
 And mark thee to thy face a med'ling fool,
 Just recompence attends thee for thy toil,
 Scorn from thy chief, and chastis'ment from *B—le* !
 O pitious case ! ----- by guilt thou could'st not gain
 An empty title to reward they pain ! -----
 Since all thy crimes could not denote thee DUB'D,
 For a single lye, 'twas cruel to be DRUB'D.

Postscript



Postscript Epistle Dedicatory, &c.

Dearest chip of my own block,

SINCE thou art become so instrumental in the reformation of manners, I shall make bold to recommend to thee, perseverance in well-doing; and by the near relation there is between us, (I do not mean that arising from consanguinity, or rather conlinguinity, but sameness of sentiment, and identity of subject on which we put our talents to profit) I claim as of right a concern for thy conduct: Moreover, thy office of reformer general, constitutes thee a redresser of grievances, which also gives me a title to thy attention, being one of late very much injured, and this is my complaint.

I had ever esteemed myself of most universal alliance; all ranks and conditions afforded me cousins, in so much, that I very much doubt, whether
any

any new enthroned B——p could boast a more numerous relationship. But now, alas! how destitute! I am looked upon by my own blood as an alien, an utter stranger, or a thing unworthy the smallest notice; — especially do I find this want of natural affection among the retainers to the F——r C——ts, notwithstanding the turn of my face, and family frown, is so remarkably unmeaning on every b——ch.

A while indeed I was very much at a loss to account for their coolness, 'till I discovered that lead and logs were wretched ingredients to fashion an author; and this being the publick profession at present, of course, all claimants to the title disown their connection with your humble servant; — and now I have the opportunity, permit me to mention my motive for appearing in print, viz. to convince those, my brother *Stocks*, that I do not shame my parentage, and that in every circumstance and capacity I am their relation.

Yet much do I fear, notwithstanding these my endeavours, they still may disclaim me as none of their kind; wherefore, dear mr. Reformer, do me your office, and by the argumentum bacillum, convince them there is no distinction between a *dunce* and a *block-head*.

Tho', on recollection, I am half inclined to forgive those sorry dogs; — when I consider the benefit, by means of that worthy divine d——ct——r B——n, I am like to receive from their shyness: — He indeed, publicly professeth an attachment to my interest, for which I do as publicly return him my thanks; and because I do not abound in a variety of
of

of means to express my gratitude for his favours, I must seize this first opportunity that offers, and by these presents assume for my pattern, his singular and sensible method of *P. S. Epistle Dedicatory*.

But, that thou mayest apprehend the nature of my obligation, I recommend to thy perusal, his eloquent, genteel and convincing querist, by which thou wilt find I bid fair for some dignity; — *In my hands alone, can securely be rested the administration*; Seeing by a single querie, he utterly disgratifies those who possess property, kindred, friends, or connubial connections.

O most mighty B—tt! by whose all powerful fiat the *unalterable* rules of *right* and *uniformity* are rendered *mutable* and *uncertain*! Permitted by thee, I put in my claim to f—v—r—n—ty. Beggar, foundling, and monster, that I am! by thee I become a candidate for command! — In the three kingdoms is there one (saving his G—the L—P——e) on thy principles, better qualified for dominion than I am? and thus do I make out my titles; no man owns me for his kin; then where are my family connections? my estate, like a G—ll---w---y inheritance under sheriff inquiry, is no where to be found, and my failings lead not to females.

Yet softly good d—ct—r, I fear after all I have not much reason to boast of thy kindness, just now being told by a car-man, who stopt to make water, that a certain * *no species*, very necessary to the grand Turk and great Doge, have been imported
in

• Mutes, Singers, Eunuchs, and P—th—cs

in quantities; and verily do I apprehend the qualifications of these new fashioned gentry, furnished the pious p—r—f—n afore said, with his catalogue of negative requisites, which depoleth me from my fancied dominion: I hope therefore, most righteous Reformer, thou wilt not suffer prevarication more than lies to go unchastised; and with B—t thou wilt remember those sparks by whom I am stript of my crown; whether they be in crape, in scarlet, or in lawn, administer thy wholesome correction; but beware of the f—ld—rs soft part, for what more tender than the *seat* of his honour:— there, as mr. *Pope* says, no m—n—st—r so fore.

The C——m H——se I would recommend to my dearest Sticks private inspection; here are one or two quondam cater-cousins to whom, as d—n *Cross* said to a certain L—— C—— J——ce, a beating would be of infinite service.

The Play House is pretty well reformed already, the m—n—g—r come upon his † alto-humiliation, or sublime penitentials, so they are in no need of thy counsel.

And now I am to take my leave of thee, let me drop one little hint; — should be thy fate to encounter the skull of observator B——n, bear in mind this maxim of HORACE, —

— *Fragili quærens illidere dentem*
Offendis S O L I D O.

With sincerest wishes for thy prosperity,

I bid thee Farewell,

The Wooden-Man in Essex-Street.

P. S.

P. S. to a P. S.

Or a Flight beyond my Master.

THE *Spartiates*, as I am informed, had figures of castor and pollux, called Docanes, which were no more than two beams set up right in the ground, and joined together at top by a cross piece of timber : — Doest thou not apprehend me ? — I mean to propose, that when *B——* *it* like *L——* shall be disgraced, or disgusted with meddling, he may be set down by my side, and connected by thy interposition in manner aforesaid ; thus should we stand a lovely loving pair, true representatives of the twin brothers ; — he on his panch, proposing to the public whatever *R——* or his fellows shall write, and I the reverse.

From which, perhaps, we may pick up information enough to cheat with a shew of divinity, and answer like oracles at cross purpose to all useful questions ; and who knows but, in time, we may be able to solve and explain this phenomena, which has so long perplexed Lord *Bolingbrooke* himself ; namely those instances of * persons, raised to the highest posts of power, authority, command, nay even to empire, who had not, either from their *obscure birth*, or their *low talents*, or their still *lower habits*, the least occasion even to dream of their † elevation.

I am, &c.

* Tapsters, Gamesters and Scriveners.

† *Dissertat. on Parties.*

F I N I S.

Preparing, for the Press, and speedily will
be Published,

A PANEGERICAL ELEGY,

ON THE
Death of Lord STRATHMORE,
Slain at Sheriff-Muir, Fighting for an
abjured Popish Bastard.

WRITTEN

By the then M——st——r of St——m——nt,
now L——d V——sc——t of that Name, Bro-
ther to the late S——ll——r G——n——l of
E——d, and one of the present M——st——l
List of Sixteen P——rs for S——d.

To which will be added,

Some curious Remarks on the political Principles of this ancient
and illustrious Branch of M——r——y; extracted chiefly
from Papers belonging to that loyal Brother of the above no-
ble L——d and able L——wy——r, who was Secretary to
the old Pretender in 1715, and by him created Duke of
—— found in the Cabinet of his virtuous Sister, the hon-
ourable Mrs. H——y, Mistress to the Chevalier, and D——
ch——s of In——rn——s, by his Tutor.

Together with some curious Anecdotes and Observations, re-
lating to Mr. T——ff——s Information, and the consequent
Embassy in Cog, of that truly pious and devout Pr——te,
the B——p of Gl——st——r; which may, perhaps, help
to shorten our present Debates, and establish the Character of
that upright Statesman, and *Revolution Principled Whig*,
Mr. A——S——, formerly of *Norwich*.

Recommended to the serious Perusal of those who read a little
Pamphlet, entitled, A Question to be considered, previous to
rejecting the Money-bill, &c.

Attributed to the procurement of a L——wy——r of high
Station in E——d.

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